

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

黎明

DAYBREAK

木樨颜 姜国会 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Jiang Guohui



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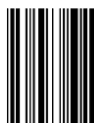
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木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

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总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, *etc.* In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuan

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们

不忘诗心。愿我们

向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨

津门松间居

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can
always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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暴雨过后

王猛仁

四周空濛

你独自飞驰在湛蓝的天穹

远方投来一片阴影

给平静的生活开始没有方向的旋转

苍天被遮掩了

暴风雨恶狠狠地把您缠绕

你发出无助的呻吟

家乡的土地哭泣了

我独坐桥头

忧郁地观察着河水和禾田

村后那些挣扎着站起来的房屋和树木

步履蹒跚地转动着羽翼……

After Rainstorm

Wang Mengren

It's hazy all round when
You are darting in the blue.
A shadow is cast from afar,
revolving the placid life around nowhere.

Cloaked was the sky,
and the rainsquall enlaced you ruthlessly.
Then you groaned helplessly,
Rendering the soil of the land teary.

Here I sit about by the bridge alone,
casting my gloom eyes over the river and the cropland
and the trees and the houses struggling to their feet.

Teetering and tottering, you turn your wings...



给一个诗人

王德席

在荒草蔓长野花盛开的地方
暮色垂吊，孑萤虫鸣，繁星闪烁
万物消融在善良静美的心灵里，群山无言
他歌颂过自由，赞美过祖国
与人们骨恋深处生命的阳光
竖琴没在风中，泉水流在心中
他的遗骸将与岩石一同腐朽
或一同灿烂、一同消隐
或一同说出他的名字，——大地诗人
因为正义他仍将斗争，伤痕累累
面对苦难的生活他仍将无所畏惧
因为他曾给人们带来过幸福的欢乐
和希望，让诗人睡醒整个美好大地
他将和我们一起再一次把春天传遍

To a Poet

Wang Dexi

In a wilderness with wild flowers blossoming
The night falls, insects sing and stars sparkle
the mountains hush, the world melts in a nice quiet heart.

He praised freedom and the motherland
He loved keenly the sunlight of deep life like others.
The harp immersing in the wind, the spring streaming in the
heart

His remains would moulder with the rocks
Or glitter with them, disappear with them
Or enounce his name with them – the Earth Poet
He will fight for justice, black and blue
Facing the painful life, he will be undaunted
For he had brought to the people happiness and
hope, arousing the poets all over the beautiful land.
Again with us, he will spread the spring far and near



麻雀。尊严和自由

侯马

这样的诗句让我心领神会
“一出门，就能看到亲戚和麻雀”

没有深切的乡村体验
就不知道卑微的麻雀多有尊严

有谁见过：
笼中的麻雀

只有踢翻的米盅
和一具横倒的尸体

抓过雏雀的手
会终生出汗 拿不稳刀剑

它离人类最近了
但永远是邻邦，绝非家奴

Sparrow. Dignity and Freedom

Hou Ma

I take a hint of this kind line of poem,
“Relatives and sparrows can be seen every time when I go out ”

Without deep-felt rural experience,
one will never know how dignified the humble sparrow is

Has anyone seen—
A sparrow in the cage?

Only a kicked-off rice cup and
a lying corpse

The hand ever captured a young sparrow
will be wet with sweat, unable to hold the sword firm

It is the nearest to the mankind
But remains for long neighbor, not at all house slave



饱经沧桑的人知道
他们是自由的精灵

没有道义可以审判不羁的灵魂
甚至良知也对不住自由的追求

Those who once weathered all vicissitudes of life know
they are free fairies

No morality and justice can judge the unruly spirit,
even the conscience is sorry to the pursuit of freedom.



微妙（外一首）

沈奇

高处不胜寒

是身寒
还是心寒？

——从梦的侧面
问完这个问题
那块顽石 伸出
最后一只感性之手
把秋阳抓个满怀
不再理睬
外在的风景

玉心尽弃
岁月静好

Subtlety (and another poem)

Shen Qi

Too lofty to endure the chill.

Does the body feel the chill
Or the soul?

— After finishing the question
from the profile of the dream,
that hard rock extends
his last sensible hand to
grasp the autumn sun to his chest
not any more to notice
the outer scenery

Jade-heart all forsaken
Time and tide remains tranquil



别梦

沈奇

梦田春早
早于鸭
早于梅
早于繁华过后
那人世的追悔

……相信了一切
也便遭遇了一切
天生自由 而
永不设防的灵魂啊
收获的只是
破碎的高贵

却问梦归何处？

一地鸡毛
满天星辉

Departure Dream

Shen Qi

The dream-land sees an early spring
earlier than the ducks
earlier than the plum blossoms
earlier than the earthly afterthought
behind all the prosperity

... when all is believed
all is encountered as well
O, the never-fortified soul,
which is born to be free,
just reap shattered
dignity

But to where the dream goes?

The chicken feathers cover the ground
Stars enlighten the whole sky



简单的场景

谷频

当你在风中远离黑暗的海洋
对于年代的宽厚，连鱿鱼的骨骼
也成为忠贞的读本，废弃的舢板
在浪花的床榻上醒着
而风暴的弧度足以摧毁航行
在无人可诉的时刻，我多想
一个人紧紧握住方向
但记忆却将美好的事实变成祭品

潮水的流速与飞翔的底色无关
无数怪异的鸟，把自己的巢
建在更深刻的海底，以寂静来迎娶繁星
他们的呼喊比命运更加模糊
谁点亮桅灯，让时间扣留了渔火
一根缆绳，就有一寸寸的思念裹在里面
我不怕衰老，也不怕孤单
热情虽在消逝，但对大海从不会厌倦

Simple Scene

Gu Pin

When you are departing the dark ocean in the wind
for the leniency of the time, even the bones of the squid
would become a duteous reader, the deserted barge
is awake on the bed of spoondrift
while the radian of the storm is big enough to smash the voyage
At this moment, with nobody to speak to, I desire desperately
to hold firmly the direction on my own
However, the memory turns the fine fact into sacrifice

The velocity of tide has nothing to do with the flying grounding
Numerous weird birds set up their nests
profoundly deep down in the ocean to marry the stars
with quietude. Their yell is dimmer than fate
Who lighted the headlight, letting time detain the fishing light
There would be yearn wrapped in the thick rope
inch by inch I dare not to be old, to be lonely
Though my zest is wearing away, I will never be weary of the ocean



永恒的受难

马科

一种粗粝的声音在敲门
室内沉睡了
只有隐秘的梦幻在回应
——这就是拒绝
拒绝走进家园
——沉睡的家园

猫头鹰失神了 重新考虑黑夜的方向
顾虑重重 你瞧
虚无之岛已悄悄沉没在欲望之水中
酒神最爱的葡萄 紫黑色的透明
是他迷狂与升腾的着力点
那些宁静的絮语渐渐沉没
还有天涯爱情与兄弟的盟誓

虚空之舟在欲望的潮水中升起
猫头鹰失神地驾着它
不敢再捕食当代的老鼠
那些敢于抗击最恶毒诅咒的鼠辈
昂然如虎 在森林中以王者的名义掌管空气
掌管着众神脑袋的左右 立正 稍息

Eternal Suffering

Ma Ke

A coarse voice is knocking at the door
Inside all is sleepy soundly
only a secret dream is echoing
—this is rejecting
the entry into the homeland
—a sleepy homeland

The owl lost its attention now it reconsiders
the direction of the night full of worries Look—
the island of vanity is immersing silently into the water of lust
The favorite grapes of Bacchus the clarity of purple black
are what make him to exert his craze and leap
Those tranquil prattle gradually sinks
with the vowed love and pledge between brothers

Rising up from the tide of lust is the boat of vanity
which is steered by the inattentive owl
It dares not to prey on the contemporary mice
who struggle boldly against the most malicious curse
In the name of the forest King like a tiger, they take charge of the air
the Attention, At ease, Turn left and Turn right of the Gods



立正 稍息

猫头鹰轻轻拍打着虚无之舟失守的舵
也许 是啊也许能赶在雨季来临前
到达另一座虚无之岛 岛上有潜在的蚯蚓
冒出 作为我度日与繁衍的另一种美味

另一个黑夜的守望者赋予它
赋予它在黑暗与虚无之境逼视物质
与欲望本性的无能

永恒受难
在疯狂的隐喻中受难

Attention! At ease!

The owl taps on the control-lost helm of the Vanity boat
Maybe, maybe I can make it before the rainy season
to another Vanity island where there is underlying earthworms
crawling out to make dainty for me to live and breed

Another watcher of the night endows it
with an inability to watch intently in the dark and vanity place
over substance and the nature of lust

Eternal suffering
suffering in the crazy metaphor



赞美诗（外两首）

朱立坤

一缕尖锐的晨风
来自未来的方向
像一束玫瑰
覆盖了我
悄然走失的
前半生
万能的主呵
我这一生
只对
尚未发生的
幸福和苦难
感恩

Anthem (and other two poems)

Zhu Likun

A wisp of sharp morning breeze
hails from the future direction
like a bunch of roses
overcasting half
of my quietly-lost
lifetime
Ah, the Almighty God
all through my life
only to
those unhappened
happiness and bitterness
will I be indebted



百年之后

朱立坤

一棵
穿过喉咙的
枳壳树
代替我
衰败的躯体
继续呼吸
在它上边
一群熟睡的斑鸠
放大了今夜
歌唱的寂寞

爱和痛
只是远方幽暗的星辰

After This Life

Zhu Likun

A citron
that pierces
my throat
continues its breath
in place of my
ruined body
upon which
there is a flock of sleeping culvers
magnifying the singing loneliness
of tonight

Love and pain
are just the stars in the distant darkness



无题

朱立坤

人声
灯影
夜的冷
你嘴角的沧桑
隐秘的记忆
筛落一地的
春天
多过初次见你时的
怯色
死亡在红月亮
遥远的茅舍
引吭高歌
绽放的一秒
长于
十次永恒
爱情加红烧猪肘
我的青春
朝一千个不同的方向
我回家
虚无让我的生命
无所不在

Untitled

Zhu Likun

Voices
Lamp shadows
Coldness of the night
The vicissitudes upon your face
The covert memories
An all-over-the-place
spring
are more than the shyness I noticed in you
at the first time
Death belts out
a song in the remote hut
of the red moon
The blossoming second
is longer than
the eternal love of ten times
plus braised pork knuckle
My prime
heads for a thousand different directions
I go home
Nothingness turns my life into
immanence



老来的誓言

史英

布满荆棘又凹凸不平
大半生所走路途
几举步艰辛
从未以刀切菜般顺利
常要挥起刃
斩碎骨那样费力
凭斗志锋利
迭荆棘、避过陷阱
终走出逆境
虽挨过
数十载历风苦雨
老来的我呵
至今赤诚仍如昔
誓要在生命似夕阳西坠前
把余辉洒在人间

Vow in Old Age

Shi Ying

Thistles and thorns are all over the bumpy road
that I have taken in most of my lifetime
Never like cutting greens smoothly with a knife
I took every step with much difficulty
Always I would stain myself like I swing
my blade to chop up the bones
With fierce persistence and willpower I had
repeatedly penetrated the brambles and dodged the pitfalls
and finally walked out of the adversity
Decades of bitter wind and rain though
I had weathered
The old me
is as sincere as what I used to be
Here I take my vow to give out my afterglow to all
before my life ends like the setting sun to fall



闪现于记忆往事

史英

有一种信念曾被视为圣火
狂燃在心头
引领着
人生奋战的方向 当我
年轻的时光

临老的生活历练化作的霜
将那焰扑灭
炽热的心遂冷却
迈向理想步伐改走向
为狮城欲熄华族火种添油

一如蜡烛焚烧后灰烬里
仍存有余温
偶遇有疾风吹至
火星会溅起
为冷寂回忆增一点温

Bygones Flashing in Memory

Shi Ying

One faith was reckoned to be holy flame
burning bright and wild in heart
Leading
my fighting direction when I
was young

The life experiences in aging years turn into frost
extinguishing the holy flame
The once ardent passion is quenched
with the direction of steps towards ideal changed
Oil should be poured on the dying tinder flame of China
people in Lion City

Just like in the embers after the candle burns down
there are still afterheat
When blowed occasionally by a gale
the sparks would fly up
adding a touch of warmth to the forlorn memory



梦想

史英

有幽香含于内
为含苞的花
经心窝那沃土的培育 又被
岁月所引发雨露
更翻滋润下
渐绽放
芬芳由是如蝶轻飘飞
为人间添彩

Dream

Shi Ying

A delicate aroma is contained within
A flower in bud
Nurtured by the rich soil in the heart And then
nourished again and again
by the rain and dew accumulated through the years
Gradually it flowers
The aroma flutters like a butterfly
adding color to the world



三苏祠

余文法

一门三大家，
千载诗书城。
祠前祭三苏，
眉州处处传诗声。
远罗楼远眺，
似见杭州苏堤柳青青。
“三苏湖”泛舟波光粼粼，
像在西湖三潭扬帆影。
东坡雅韵，
巴蜀雏凤高飞心系黎民，
写诗托讽获谤罪，
天涯海角度逆境。
高处不胜寒，
月有圆缺阴晴，
贬谪升迁平常事，
恣肆豪放倍有情。
大江东去浪淘尽，
惊涛拍岸留诗名。

Three-Su Memorial Temple

Yu Wenfa

Three masters in one family
make the place an age-old literate city
In the temple sacrifice is offered to the three
Lingering over Meizhou is the sound of reading poetry
Looking far into the distance on the Luo Tower
I seem to see the green willows along the Dike Su
While we boat in Lake Three-Su, the waves are shimmering
like in the Three Pools of West Lake we are sailing.
Su Dongpo was elegant in style, like a soaring phenix
he was oft-worrying about the masses
He wrote poems to admonish, only to incur slander
and adversity at the ends of the earth he had to suffer.
At Higher altitude it would be extremely cold
Promotion and demotion are common occurrence,
Why not be open and clear and happy to my heart's content!
The great river courses to the east while
the roaring waves slap the bank. His name persists.



黎明

木兰

穿破黑夜的茧
带着年轻的诺言
给所有的等待
一个石破天惊

骚动的原野
又走进一次轮回
一首叮当的童谣
落在古老的水车边

花儿开了
果实在襁褓中裂变
婴儿的啼哭
已把每扇窗户打开

Daybreak

Mu Lan

Break the cocoon of the dark night
Bring along the promises of the young
Give all the wait
a startling surprise

The riotous champaign again
walks into another transmigration
A tinkling nursery rhyme
is sung by the ancient waterwheel

Blooming are the flowers
whose fruits split in the swaddling clothes
The crying of the baby has
opened every window



回到……（外一首）

杨晓萌

天空遥远
像是被孩子想象出来
像多年前住过的那栋房子
一切随着词语生长
不善于记忆的眼睛里
全是金子

但，光是一堵厚厚的墙
如同所有真正的墙
自然，安全，不容置疑

你躺下，像一朵花
我们感觉到这是一个葬礼
有什么在开放
如果你醒来，会说：
那是谁

Back to... (and another poem)

Yang Xiaomeng

The sky stretches far
As though it is the children's fancy
Or that flat which had been dwelt in years ago
All are growing with words and terms
The eyes that are not skilled in memory
Brim over with gold

Light, however, is a thick wall
Like all the real walls
It is natural, safe and indisputable

Lying down there, you are like a flower
We sense a funeral out of this
And something is blossoming
You would ask if you wake up—
Who is that



守夜人：一只鸡的愤怒

杨晓萌

我不振臂 因为知道没人响应
凭什么我的屁股一定要扭来扭去
我要诱惑谁
别忘了我是公鸡不是女人
凭什么我要堕落到屁股扭来扭去的地步

我仅仅是守夜人
不要让夜被盗
我不期望光明能给我带来什么好处
因为我是鸡
只要足够的物让我掠食

我已经厌倦了掠夺的日子

等等 让我插入夜的心脏
把门打开
让你们瞧瞧
夜是多么的宁静
他不是没有企图
但他只有跳动的脉搏

A Watcher: the Anger of a Bird

Yang Xiaomeng

I will not raise my arms for I know no one would echo
Why should I wriggle my ass to and fro
Who am I supposed to lure
Don't forget that I am a rooster rather than a woman
Why should I be so corrupted as to wriggle my ass

I am just a watcher
guarding against thief from stealing the night
I don't expect any benefit brought about by the bright
Because I am just a rooster
who feeds only on enough food

I am sick and tired of those looting days

Wait! Let me stab the heart of the night
Open the door
to let you see
How quiet is the night
who has no other attempt
except for his beating pulse



因为夜是生命休息的一种预计

但是你们为黑夜打造了多少罪孽
但黑夜仅仅用宽容就打发了所有的罪
你们的贪婪与腐朽
你们的淫荡与无耻
你们已无力回应生命的第一次呼吸

黑夜覆盖着我与你们

我之临晨长鸣
哦 不是我的哀歌
因为消逝的不是黑夜
因为我知道长夜必然降临
只有此时 爱开始运行

只有鸡鸣时 我们才知我们还在东方
因为黎明 注定从东方开始

Since night is an expectation for the rest of life

But how many sins you've committed against him
who forgives all with his leniency
all your greed and corruption
all your lewdness and shamelessness
You cannot respond to the first breath of life any more

Night covers you and me

I am crowing
O, I am not singing mournfully
as what dies away is not the night
and I know that he will for sure come
when at the very moment love will start to run

Only when a rooster crow can we know we are still in the east
because the morn is predestined to dawn here



蚯蚓，是地下诗人

马启代

——蚯蚓，是地下诗人。最懂黑，所以不说话
唱歌，但像元曲或宋词

它让土地穿越身体，如诗人让黑暗穿越灵魂

……所谓精耕细作就是从泥土里打磨词语
它不以柔克刚，只以小搏大

为了躲开人类的挖掘，那些血腥十足的铁爪
它必须把自己向深邃里写

Earthworm, the Underground Poet

Ma Qidai

-- Earthworm is an underground poet. He knows darkness
best, so he speaks nothing
He sings, yet to the tune of Ci poetry of Song Dynasty or
Yuan poetry

He makes the earth pass through its body, as a poet makes
the darkness through the soul

...The so-called intensive cultivation is just cultivating
words and expressions in the soil,
which wins over the large with the little instead of
conquering the solid with the soft

To hide himself from the digging of human, those extremely
bloody iron paws,
he must put himself down deep, deep enough in the
underground



冬天

林新荣

孤独像天上的雨
一阵一阵泼下来

打在时间的遗址上，溅在生命的外壳里
岁月：空空落落

我奋力想跑在它的前面
在呼呼的寒风中

Winter

Lin Xinrong

Loneliness pours down in showers
Like the rain from the heaven

Falling on the ruins of time, splashing over the shell of life
Years gone by: void of nothing

I'm desperate to be ahead of it
In the whistling of the wintry wind



燕山有雨

木樨颜

谁拿笔饱蘸了浓墨
将原本的亮彩遮盖
霎时间，刺眼的灼热变得喑哑
四面八方的清凉和一幕山雨
驱散蝉的聒噪

坐下来吧，把扇子丢到一边
在屋檐底下看连成了珠子的水帘
谁喜欢清明和光彩
谁也一定不讨厌偶尔的黯淡

Rain at Yan Hill

B.O.Y

Who dipped the brush so deep in the ink
To cover up the original bright colors
Suddenly, the eye-scorching heat turns mute
The coolness in all directions and a curtain of rain
Disperse the noise and clamor of the cicadas

Why not sit down, cast aside the fan
And appreciate the bead-like curtain
He who loves brightness and brilliance
Could also like the dimness sometimes



黑色的光

魏鹏展

这是一个黑色的世界
我用黑色的光
寻找黑色的前路
黑色的手不能停下来
阴冷的黑洞里
我最怕没有声音的黑色
这是一个不需时钟的世界
但我知道看不见的时间
咳嗽声的回音
告诉我该吃药了
我用黑色的光
寻觅没有颜色的小药丸

Dark Light

Wei Pengzhan

This is a dark world
Where I seek for the dark forward road
With dark light
And the dark hand cannot cease
I fear most in the dark and dank hole
The darkness without any voice
This is a world devoid of the need for a clock
But I know the invisible time
The echo of that cough
Tells me to take my medicine
So with the dark light
I seek for the little colorless pill



杂事诗

徐江

在无所指的悲戚里醒来
在凌晨
所有伤害发生伤口复发的丝微一瞬

大脑的频道
调向晨昏之交阴阳之交飓风与台风相邻的
小小寂静之岛

冷却了目光血液河流爱液神经的传感抽搐
我说
要坚定的让眼前的时代打烊把它从人类的记忆中抹去

停掉肮脏的灯与钟
让他们阴间的炉火焚烧他们自己以及他们亲手造出的
假人儿
蔚蓝的火击中电线火球侵入瞳孔耳膜听筒以及不便提
及的器官

对，就这样用文字签名、封章
事毕拂衣去
冥冥中的萨克斯在黛青的晨风里遥遥送来回响

Poems for Sundries

Xu Jiang

Wakened from an unspeakable dolefulness
In the early morning
All the hurts start at the instant when the cuts relapse

The channel of brain is switched to a silent islet
Between a hurricane and a typhoon on the border of day
and night, Yin and Yang

The eyesight, blood, rivers and love is quenched. The nerve
sensor jerks. I say the present era should be closed firmly.
The human memory about it should be cleared

Stop the filthy light and clock
Let them be burned by their stove fire in the hell together
with the fake persons made by them
The blue fire hits the electric wire and the fire-ball, invades
the pupil of eye, ear drum and unspeakable organs

Yes! Sign and seal with letters like this and leave in a huff
afterwards, somewhere in the bluish morning breeze the
saxophone resounding from afar



痕

刘殿荣

影子，是树的痕
伤疤，是刀的痕
你是我的疤痕
深深地刻在心

我是那生根发芽的种子啊
你却成了飘忽不定的云
在风雨中穿行的
是血肉 是灵魂？

Stain

Liu Dianrong

Shadow is the stain by tree
Scar is the stain by knife
And you are my scar
Engraved hard deep in heart

I am a seed which can root and sprout
But you become the roving cloud
What is it that weathers the rain and wind
Flesh and blood, or the soul?



混沌

木樨颜

初识混沌
不是己身一颗鸡子
我斧钺周围
披斩出来的还是
一团混沌

不是盘古也不会
在第一天造出光和昼夜
只能秉着蜡烛
行走在氤氲的蓬莱
并非我犬儒
我不过是一条
自由呼吸的狗

不必五颜六色的光
我眼里只有黑白
焚了我的躯体
作为献祭也好
让我在该在的地方自由呼吸

我所了解的混沌
是天宇是缺席的王

Chaos

B.O.Y

When I first knew chaos
I was not I yolk of an egg
I rived and split
Only to find everything
Still in a chaos

I am not Pan Gu and I cannot
make light, day and night on the first day
I can only hold a candle
Walking in the misty Penglai
Not that I am cynical
I am just a dog
Who exhales and inhales freely

No eagerness for colorful light
I have just black and white in my eyes
Please burn my body
To offer up a sacrifice
And let me breathe freely where I was meant to be

The chaos that I know of
Is heaven the absent king



羞惭

凸凹

我朝前走去
迎面一条狗走来

我们之间的纵向距离越近时
横向距离越远

走过之后
我向后望了望

我看见那条狗正在回头
我们的目光碰到了一起

一下子，只是一下子
我们各自收回目光，并踉跄着向前走去

Shame

Ao Tu

Ahead I walk
Running face to face into a dog

The closer our lengthwise distance between us
The remoter our crosswise distance

Passing by him
I glanced back at the dog

Who happened to glance back at me
Making our eyes contact

One contact, only one contact was made before
withdrawal. Then we continued tramp ahead



天空中缺席的王者

马科

我放弃了至尊的王
深潜于水的回忆之中
尘埃复归于尘埃
天宇复归于混沌
世无敬畏
我心悲凉

Absent King in the Sky

Ma Ke

I forsook the supreme throne
Hiding deep in the memory of the water
Dust to dust again
Heavens return to chaos
No awe ever exists
Dismal is my heart



蝙蝠

木樨颜

蝙蝠又飞进来了
还是——它根本就没走？
蛰伏了一个冬
睡在谁家的烟囱里

没有孔洞，没有缝隙
没有生活的可能
没有吃的，没有喝的
没有伙伴，没有

你听到了狰狞的山风
还是春的脚步？
即便是在长眠中你也
挣扎着解析梦境？

去年这个时候你突然
消失得无影踪
我以为是神示
我等着福临门
等到现在 等到一切都
波澜不惊 剩下的还是
和你衣服一样颜色的
梦

The Bat

B.O.Y

The bat flies in again
Or maybe it never leaves?
Hibernated for a winter
Whose chimney were you in

No hole, no crevice
No possibility of life
No food, no drink
No companion, no nothing

You heard the ugly wind
Or the footsteps of spring?
Or you were deciphering
Your dream even while sleeping?

You disappeared all of sudden
This moment of last year
I thought it was a God's sign
I waited to be blessed
Until now when everything
Remain unchanged, leaving behind
Only a dream of the color of your
garment



为比一生更多干杯

朱立坤

为在我身体的暗处
潜藏一生的胎记
干杯
为初入学堂
第一次学写的错别字
干杯
为三十五年前
因为盲肠炎
在我肚皮上
留下的手术刀痕
干杯
为七年以来
对我不离不弃
关爱有加的
糖尿病
干杯
为就在刚才洗脚时
因为粗心
而在上面留下的
水泡们
干杯
为我荣归故里时
天空中飘过的

For More Toasts than a Lifetime

Zhu Likun

Toast

The birthmark that has been hiding
In the dark of my body in my lifetime

Toast

The first misspelt Chinese character
When I enrolled in a school

Toast

The operation scar left
On my belly due to
My appendicitis
Thirty-five years ago

Toast

My diabetes who
Cares about me a lot
And never leaves me
In all these seven years

Toast

The blisters left
On my feet just now
When I washed them
Out of carelessness

Toast

The cloud drifting



那朵白云
干杯
为百年后老家的山岗上
柏油路边
清清的池塘旁
那眼埋葬我的
精美的墓穴
干杯
为我坟头长出的
第一根野草
干杯
为以我坍塌的坟头
作为新家的
那窝老鼠
干杯
为来生
我将细心喂养的
那群猫咪
在我今夜的梦中
睡过好觉
干杯

为永远幸福干杯
为苦难没有尽头干杯

独自干杯
自罚三杯

Across the sky
When I returned
To my hometown with honor
Toast
The elegant tomb
Which buried me
By the roadside
Near the clear-water pond
A hundred years later on the mound
Of my old home
Toast
The first straw
That grew out of my tomb
Toast
The mouse family
That set a new home
Upon my collapsed tomb
Toast
That group of cats
Slept sound in my tonight's dream
Them I would be rearing
In my afterlife
Toast the forever happiness
Toast the sorrows without an end

I toast on my own
I ask for it to be my own



现在……（外二首）

郦楹

现在阳光多好，没有一丝杂色
我的身上
我的手背上
一些公开的、微小的尖叫
展开着
我伸手，将挂在绳上的床单抓在手中
晒过的床单
带着幼树的气息
把它搭在肩上，我觉得自己
正被轻轻擦亮

Now...(and other two poems)

Li Ying

So beautiful is the sunlight now, pure and not varicolored

On my skin

And the back of my hands

Some open tiny shrieks

Are spreading

I reach out, grasping a bed sheet hanging on the line

After basking in the sun, the sheet

Puts on the air of a sapling

I hang it over my shoulder and feel myself

Struck lightly bright



暮晚

郦楹

又是暮晚。又是万物空绝的时分
麻雀停在路沿上发呆
你停在五脏六腑的凉意里面

姐妹般的蔷薇
那些死寂。那些枯萎的枝桠
淹没灯。淹没你视线中最后的一点暖意

小心维护过的星空啊
——构成雪地，构成荒原，等另一番场景
你澄澈了的呼吸再无野性

Dusk

Li Ying

Another dusk. Another quietus period of time
The sparrow stops by the roadside, lost in thought
And you stop in the coolness of the guts

Sisterly roses. Dead silence.
Those withered twigs submerge
the street lamps and the very last touch of warm in your eyes

O, the carefully tended sky and stars
—make up the snow-field, the wilderness
waiting for another scene
Your clarified breath has no wildness any more



告诉你，我的生命是轻的

郦楹

把我降到尘埃中
匍匐大地脚下。低于正在俯身的母亲
低于耳边颤动的叮咛
低于身边的暮色
你的影子。甚至更低。我的孩子

告诉你，我的生命是轻的
跟你身边的很多事物一样，轻轻就掠过
可能是一瞬间，可能是一个拐弯
不到你哈欠连天，可能就跟不上你了

对你说一个问题，我的孩子
或者只是，这么一句话：
没有了回家的呼唤
没有了门，没有了张开的手臂
你一定不要，不要伤心

My Life is Light

Li Ying

Lower me down to the dust
Lay me flat at the foot of earth, lower than the bending
mother
Lower than the urging that is vibrating in the ears
Lower than the dusk surrounding you
And your shadow. Even more than that, my child

My life is light
Just like many things around you, passing by gently
Maybe it is just a split second, or simply a turn
I may not keep up with you before your yawning

To tell you one thing, my child
Or just this—
If there are no call of home
No opening gate and arm
Please do not feel sad



早知道

木樨颜

早知道 就不该在四月
把九月的思念都种在地里

秋天不该只有收获
收起我送你却没有送出的
丝帕和像秋色一样的浓情
收起九月才有斑斓和苍凉
以及对下一个生机的孕育

还应该收起我对你的承诺
和你对我的不可说
收起一旦观看小 Q 电影
就决堤的泪水
以及在这个时代不再潮流的
对物与之情的讴歌

其实我早就知道
早就知道我不该在四月
把九月的思念都种在地里

Know Better

B.O.Y

I know better than to sow the yarning
Of September in the soil in early April

Autumn should get in more than a harvest
It should get in the handkerchief I attempted
To send you and my passion concentrated like the autumn
It should get in the splendor and bleakness of September
And also the conception that leads to another life force

And there is my promise to you too
And all that you are unwilling to tell me
Then the tears which would trickle down
Once you watch the Quill kind of movie
And the praise for the brotherly feeling to one another
Which in this era is no more in vogue

I know better as a matter of fact
Than to sow the yarning of September
In the soil in the early April



如果我还期待着什么收获
那就等到下一年
下一个生命轮回吧
还是那棵梧桐树那个我

If there is something that I still am expecting to harvest
It should be in the next year
And in the next reincarnation
Where I would still be the phoenix tree and me



为宿愿而笔耕之期盼

史英

学历未曾攀上峰之巅
仅及半山腰
不气馁
以高尔基、沈从文
为榜样——
锦旗般耀眼
我奋战在文学征途上
盼来日登上
一览众山小高处观景

为竖起人格上里程碑
一步一脚印
接力走
以包青天的无私
为模型——
金光隐闪现
我奋战在文学征途上
盼来日塑造
水晶般一尘不染亮丽

Long-cherished Wish

Shi Ying

My diploma is not so high
Just halfway up a mountain
I am not discouraged though
With Gorkii and Shen Congwen
As my models
Who shine like banners
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the peak where I can overlook all

To reach the milestone of my integrity
I take steady steps each time
Nothing daunted
The selflessness of Justice Bao
Sets for me another example
Who gives off golden light
I strive on the way of literature
Hoping that I could make it
To the bright spotless crystal future



净化人格之主义

史英

具净化要素一种主义
似彩虹
曾闪现在我心头
阴霾袭至时
被遮盖
从此便不再显现
留在我灵魂深处印痕
抹不去
至今数十载
依然起催化效应——
拒色诱
也不贪钱财
我的人格因而保高洁
晶体般亮透

Personality Purism

Shi Ying

The thought to possess purism
Once flashed through my mind
Like a rainbow
Which was hidden
When a haze rose
And never appeared again
The mark left deep in my soul
Cannot be erased
Its catalysis still works—
Making me immune to seduction
And the greed for money
Thus my personality is kept lofty
And as clear as crystal



为燭火添油而奔波

史英

来回奔波于医学、文学领域
耗尽大半生精力
从未遇
有亮着的灯照明
阴暗里
常误踩荆棘
为夺标
忍痛一步一脚印而行
终在万千病黎中
赢火热诚信
终甯红国际文坛
获含香薄名
我不因此得意忘了形
只觉能为华族文化之燭火
迭添油
似蜂酿出蜜
不渎职
觉心情如沐春风那样清爽

Refueling the Torch

Shi Ying

Earning a living in the field of medicine and literature
Consuming energy for most of my life
I never ran into
A light kept on illuminating
In the darkness
Which making me often step on the briar
For my destination
I went on suffering the pain at each step
And finally gained
In the midst of diseases
A popularity and reputation
That make me noted in the literary arena
Even so I will not be heady with success
I just deem it my duty
To refuel the torch of Chinese culture
And not to fail it
Which would be like the bee making honey
By so doing I feel like I'm in the spring breeze



残烛难再引路

——向曾是战友同道中人道出衷心话

史英

青春狂燃成灰烬
生命宛若烛
渐残损
老来焰弱濒临灭
难在夜征途
再引路
欲求延烧得加罩
避风霜
不宜迎雨图逞威

Dying Candle Unable to Guide
—Heartfelt Speech to My Old Comrades-in-Arms

Shi Ying

Youth has been burnt down to ashes
Life is just like a candle
Burning away gradually
Whose flame is about to be out
Harder to beacon at night
And lead the way
A shield is needed to keep it
From the wind and frost
Barging in the rain is no more fitting



我为什么爱这个城市

林之云

尘土、无序、保守，几乎没有春天
缺乏个性的建筑，比比皆是
我在一个日渐破旧的楼里，日出而作
日落不息，我编出的报纸
就像一叠又一叠大片的落叶
落尽每一个日子，昨天是今天的灰烬

我对这城市的热爱，源于十年前一个下午
黄昏六点，我的女儿在省立医院出生
一声啼哭，终结了我青春的身份
一个小女孩，初次来到她的故乡
从那天起，我决定认真做一个诗人
既不富裕，也不贫穷，保持好足够的爱心

Why Do I Love This City

Lin Zhiyun

Dusty, disordered, demoded, almost devoid of spring
And individuality--buildings of this kind are everywhere
I live here in a dilapidating building, rising with the sun
And not ceasing at sunset. The newspapers I am editing
Are coming out like big falling leaves stack after stack
With each day falling away to make yesterday dust of today

My love for this city started from one afternoon ten years ago,
When my daughter was born at 6 PM in the Provincial hospital
With that cry, my youthhood was terminated
And a little girl came into her hometown for the first time
From then on, I decided to be a serious poet
Neither rich nor poor, with enough love to retain



牛和草的谈话

木樨颜

不能做还不能想么不能想还不能梦么
你的胆子在想上
我的胆子在梦里
其实都是蓄积已久的火山
胸膛里其实都是滚烫的

只需一个契机或者
哪怕是一次遥远地震的余波
你的想也许更大胆
我的梦也逊色不了许多
一个是寂静的内心独白
一个是脱缰的灵魂叙说
在这喑哑了真实的虚假里
我需要周公，你需要弗洛伊德

别只打开我的思想的闸门
别只放开我的灵魂的绳索
即便是大雪冰封了整个天国
请让我发声，让我能有一次赤裸
让我活得洒脱，而不是偏僻的寂寞

Talk Between the Cow and the Grass

B.O.Y

Couldn't I just think if I am not allowed to do
Couldn't I just dream if I am not permitted to think
 You guts are all about thinking
 While mine are about dreaming
Which actually are the dormant but poised volcanoes
 Inside which are burning and boiling
 What is needed is no more than a chance
 Or an aftershock from a remote earthquake

 Your thinking is probably more daring
My dream, however, is also bold beyond comparing
 Yours is a silent monologue inside
And mine a murmuring by a runaway soul
 In this fake reality that has been hushed
 I need a dream-reader and you a Freud

 Don't just open the water gate to my mind
 Don't just loosen the rope around my soul
Please let me speak, give me a chance to be naked
 Even in this heaven sealed by snow storm
I'd be free and easy instead of being lonesome



温室之花不识寒滋味

史英

老视纸上知识为美酒
常品尝
藉以自娱而陶醉
人间疾苦从不曾面对
自不知药涩滋味
如是的书生
纵然才智闪毫芒
亮丽胜过珠
置夜里
却乏街灯引路的光亮

Greenhouse Flowers Know not Cold

Shi Ying

If knowledge is acquired only through book
And savored like tasty wine
If self-entertainment and intoxication is reached
Without knowing anything about the worldly sufferings
And even the bitter taste of medicine
A pedant bookworm like this
Would be brighter than a street lamp
Even though he is endowed
With wits and wisdom
Which shine brightly
In the dark night



飞鸟

迪拜

鸟儿在飞翔
你却不知道鸟儿飞翔的方向

不知道鸟儿飞翔的方向
但你知道，鸟儿在飞翔

Flying Birds

Di Bai

The birds are flying
Yet you don't know to which direction they fly

You don't know to which direction the birds fly
You do know, however, they are flying



鹰之痛

木兰

把鹰的羽毛 无论做成怎样漂亮的扇子
它还是鹰的翅膀 鹰的骄傲
它曾经背负太阳 放牧风暴
曾经一生都在天空 勇敢翱翔
在佛陀的眼里 一只鹰就是一位天神大将

鹰总是为着理想飞得很高 但它却不曾想到
它也未能逃过 一只黑手的疯狂
它神圣的使命被玷污 高贵的灵性被亵渎
但一颗流血的心 却还在想着
明天将要跨过的河流 超越的高山

世界以痛吻鹰 鹰却以歌回报世界
它还在为我们洗礼灵魂 守望吉祥
看到英雄的大鸟受难 我的心也在受苦
佛说生命平等 大小穷富都应相互友爱与尊重
可有人偏要推崇恶行 偏要颠倒乾坤

The Hawk's Pain

Mu Lan

No matter how nicely a fan is made out of hawk's feathers
it's still the wings and the pride of the hawk. Once they
carried the sun on the back and grazed the storm Once they
spent their whole life in the sky, soaring valiantly
In Buddha's eyes, a hawk is a senior general in heave

Hawk always fly high for his ideal, but he never thought of
and did not make it to escape the madness of a black hand
Its sacred mission is besmirched and its noble soul profaned
but a bleeding heart is still beating longing
to fly over yet another river or mountain.

World kisses hawk with pain, but hawk repays with songs
and he too baptize our soul, watch out for our blessings
To see the heroic bird suffering my heart is too suffering
Buddha said life was equal and we'd love and respect each
other, small or old, rich or poor
yet there are some who are determined to advocate infamies
and reverse right and wrong



天空属于我们也属于鹰 如果还能赎罪
那就让我来替造孽的人 彻底赎罪
我要用一生来赎罪 让鹰不再遭受伤害
让它们真正成为自由之神 每天护佑着天地
让那些小鹰 也飞得更远更高

The sky belongs to us and to hawk as well. If redemption
can still be made I'd then be willing to atone entirely
for those who committed sins and I'd like to do it
with my whole life to suffer what hawk is to suffer, then
He'll truly become the god of freedom, guarding the sky
and the earth to let the little hawks fly higher and farther



致海子

陈润言

黑夜的孩子流淌着黑色的血液
裤腿上沾着黑色的泥土
热爱夕阳，热爱空虚和死亡

十根指尖十滴海水
我嘴角咸咸的泪水是你灵魂的残片
我张开的双臂要拥抱的是你眼中的大海
在世俗中渴望依偎
在自我中向往孤独，极端的解脱
我也无法面对自己的身体
无心回忆把我陷入泥潭的经历
我是黑夜的孩子，土地的孩子，
大海的孩子，和你一样

滚泥是无形铡刀
我要让它沾上海水
生命是孤独灵魂的尖锥
我要让它走过真实的悬崖

To Hai Zi

Chen Runyan

The child of black night bleeds black
While his trouser legs are stained with black mud
He loves dusk, void and death

Ten fingertips, ten drops of sea water
The salty tears on my lips are the remains of your soul
What my opening arms aim to hold is the ocean in your eyes
I yearn for somewhere to nestle in the mundaneness
In my ego I seek extreme freedom from solitude
I cannot face my body anymore, neither do I
intend to recall the memories of sinking into mire
I am the child of black night, land and ocean, same as you

Rolling mud is an invisible chopper
I want it to be splashed by sea water
Life is the sharp awl of a lonely soul
I want it to ascend and descend true cliff



一辆开往秋天的绿皮车

谭凤

这是一辆绿皮车
绿吗？真绿
是一片生机勃勃的绿

我怀着绿的梦，上了车
我期待着车开往春绿
走着——
走着——
我看到了黄叶
我遇到了秋风
我面前是一潭死水
——死水上的是白肚鱼
我遇到的是黄昏
——是黄昏和满月的擦肩而过
——是失去
——是死亡
——是分散

我坐的不是一辆绿皮车吗
为什么我到达的却是秋天

A Green Train to Autumn

Tan Feng

This is a green train
Is it green? Sure it is
It is a lush and live green

With a green dream I get on it
Expecting it to head for spring green
On it, however
While I am on it
I see yellow leaves
I run into autumn wind
Ahead of me is a pool of dead water
On which float fish with white belly
What I run into is dusk—an encounter
between the dusk and a full moon
— a lost
— a death
— a departure

Am I on a green train?
How come I am reaching autumn



沉默的石头

木兰

土生石 石生土 土石堆积就是一座山
弃是土 用是材 但土石终归还是有分辨
无论是用还是弃 你都不会再改变
你依然守身如玉 哪怕化成泥土也无怨
也许你一辈子 都要默默去等待
也许千年万年 你还是在地下被深埋
但你也绝不后悔 还会将其心志和骨骼历练
直到走出大山 听从上苍的召唤
其实 你早把生死抛开 生死都只为明天
无论哪种考验 对你都只是一碟小菜
那些鄙视和践踏 只能击碎你的身体
但不会动摇 你执着的信念
如果你被拿去 建造一座地狱
你绝不助纣为虐 宁为玉碎也不为瓦全

Silent Stone

Mu Lan

Dust out of stone and stone out of dust
they take turn to pile into a mountain
Dust disposed and stone used
they anyhow are different from one another
To use or to dispose does not change what you are
You remain intact, not complaining about turning into soil
Maybe for a whole lifetime you would wait wordlessly
Maybe for eons you'd still be buried deep underground
But you'll never regret. Instead you'll endure and endeavor
To walk out of the mountain, responding to heaven's summon
You have actually seen through life and death
which are but for another day
All would be a piece of cake to you
whatever the trial and test
Contempt and ravages can only destroy your body
Yet they cannot shake your unswerving faith
If you are taken to forge a hell
You won't aid the evil-doer, keeping to your integrity



若是拿去建造人间天堂 你甘愿做铺路的石子
再用一缕忠魂 托起众生的脚步向前
你不求有功但求无愧 只想把一生奉献
即使所有的人 都把你抛弃和遗忘
你还会深深牵挂那片 生养你的万水千山
那是刻进你灵魂的 骄傲与眷恋

If you are taken to build a paradise
you are willing to pave the way and then carry
the steps of all living things forward with your soul
Even if everyone forget you and forsake you, you'll hold
to your heart the hill and rill that bore and raised you
And that will be a pride and love carved in your soul



铜雕

徐英才

凝住了
远走的风云

呐喊
是怒的长啸
策马
速的爆发
出刀
力的积蓄

那马蹄
仍在踏响
英雄生命的意义

The Bronze Sculpture

Xu Yingcai

Has captured
The long-gone wind and cloud

The shouting
Is a long howl of indignation
Spurring the horse
An outburst of speed
And drawing the sword
The gathering of all the strength

The horse's hooves
Still drum up
The meaning of the hero's life



我看见……

薛武

我看见鸟在飞翔
自然地 沿着风的轨迹
拍打翅膀
如同鱼儿在水里
拨动水流 或者波浪

我看见猎豹借着大地
和流线的身体
随时光飞逝

我看见捕杀、撕咬和吞噬
鲜血淋漓
美丽的小鹿、小羊、小兔子
最后的抽搐 和迷失

我看见我自己
放下所有拙力

顶天立地

或者
悄悄融入
不露痕迹

I See...

Xue Wu

I see the birds flying
naturally flapping their wings, following
tracks of the wind,
like fish in the water
rowing the currents or the waves
using their fins.

I see the leopard on the earth
flying through the time
it's body streamy.

I see the capturing, tearing, knowing and devouring,
with blood shedding,
of the lovely deer, lambs or hares,
and their last twitching and souls sinking.

I see me,
putting down all the power physical,
living on Qi.

Feet on the ground,
head reaching heaven.

Or fitting in
stealthily,
unknown.



彗星（外二首）

李尚朝

彗星拖着长长的尾巴，在天空中飞
它不为别的，只为好玩儿
只为我们的乐趣与童贞

只为我们吃惊，只为我们梦
彗星，其实睡了，它貌似醒着
我们看一会儿，就不看了

但彗星它还是在飞，我们都睡了
它飞，是在另一个地方
与我们睡了，也并没有什么矛盾

Comet (and other two poems)

Li Shangchao

Comet flies in the heaven, with his tail long behind.
For no other reason, but for amusing,
And just for our joy and innocence.

Also for amazing us and our dreams.

He is sleeping actually, but is awake in appearance.
We look at him for a while, and then stop.

But still Comet flies. And when we fall into sleep.
He flies, only in another place. Which does not
Contradict the fact that we are asleep.



在天空中飞

李尚朝

满天的麻雀在天空中乱飞
天空并不重要
重要的是麻雀

满天的雁在天空中飞
大雁并不重要
重要的是飞翔

一只雄鹰在天空中飞
飞翔并不重要
重要的是力度

一只候鸟在天空中飞
力度并不重要
重要的是方向

一只失群的大雁在天空中飞
方向并不重要
重要的是精神

Flying in the Sky

Li Shangchao

A skyful of sparrows fly in the air.
It is not the sky that matters.
It is the sparrows that matter.

A skyful of wild geese fly in the air.
It is not the geese that matter.
It is their wings that matter.

An eagle flies in the sky.
It is not the flying that matters.
It is the vigor that matters.

A migrant bird flies in the sky.
It is not the strength that matters.
What matters is the direction.

A strayed wild goose flies in the air.
It is not the direction that matters.
It is the spirit that matters.



石头对石头说

李尚朝

一个石头对另一个石头说
不要因为花，有红有绿
不要因为草，有生有长
不要因为那些人，吹吹打打热热闹闹
让我们静静地
在天地间，被日月照耀吧
在季节里，被风雨冲刷吧
只要我们保持石头的性格
千年以后，我们还是石头
而从前看见过的那些
都已成了风

Stone Talk

Li Shangchao

A stone talks to another stone.
Don't envy the colors of flowers, be they red or green.
Don't hate the grass, whether it grow or wither
Don't admire those who trumpet themselves
and who bustle and hustle.
We shall lead a tranquil life
Shined by the sun and moon under the sky
Baptized by the storms through all seasons.
So long as we maintain our virtue,
We will still be stones after millennium.
While what we saw before
All have gone with the wind.

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)*. He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

Jiang Guohui, born in Dezhou, Shandong Province, is a graduate student of MTI (Master of Translation and Interpreting) in Shandong Normal University, a member of Translators Association of Shandong Province (TASD), a translator of *Renditions of International Poetry*. She is an associate editor of *Finest Gems: the Shortest Rhyming Poems of Ancient China*, the author of *Information Searching in the Translation of Historical Texts*, one of the translators of *Muse of Light: Selected Translations of Some Minor Poets of Contemporary China*.

编 后 记

POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了诗人译者木樨颜（颜海峰）发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 61 至 97 期的译诗，共约 50 首，以汉英对照的形式编排呈现。

木樨颜本身是诗人，又擅长译诗，且属高产译者，仅发表于原《世界诗人》的译诗就达数百首，其中英汉皆有。原诗虽然不能说每首都是精华，但基本短小精悍，思想丰富，各有特色，而译文也能铢两悉称。于是，在编选本书时不难让人产生“选择困难症”，但限于篇幅，只能“忍痛割爱”。

本书首先确定的是选取英译汉诗歌，按发表于原诗刊的顺序排序。为了响应国家政策号召，“讲好中国故事，传播好中国声音”，特选取了汉语诗歌及其译诗，为汉语诗歌的海外传播助力。

在仔细阅读了所有汉语诗歌之后，发现许多诗都表现出积极向上、不抛弃不放弃的人生理想和生活态度，读后让人心潮澎湃。于是决定依照这一主题，将这部分诗进行汇总，选取了约 50 首诗，书名取自重庆木兰的诗《黎明》，希望能鼓舞人心，让正处于“黑暗”中的读者找到“初心”，重拾梦想，继续前行，迎接“黎明”！

我在编排这本书时，常常停留在某首诗的某句话上思索，而内心又无比激动，感觉迷茫的心重新得到唤醒，让我不再

畏惧正在经历的不安与未来可能面临的阻碍，勇敢追求内心所想。比如，王德席的《给一个诗人》中写道：“因为正义他仍将斗争，伤痕累累；面对苦难的生活他仍将无所畏惧”，表现了诗人守护正义，不惧苦难的精神；史英的《老来的誓言》中：“虽挨过数十载历风苦雨，老来的我呵，至今赤诚仍如昔，誓要在生命似夕阳西坠前，把余辉洒在人间”，展现了奋斗了一生，老来仍有一腔热情的人生态度；木兰的《黎明》中写道：“穿破黑夜的茧，带着年轻的诺言，给所有的等待，一个石破天惊”，“黑夜”的前方是“黎明”，只要不放弃“年轻的诺言”，就可以等到黎明的到来，这是对梦想实现的美好希冀，也是一份决心；林之云的《我为什么爱这个城市》中写道：“从那天起，我决定认真做一个诗人，既不富裕，也不贫穷，保持好足够的爱心”，这是一个父亲，也是一位诗人的人生态度，没有对大富大贵的追求，只为“保持好足够的爱心”，爱女儿，爱诗，爱生活。

诗歌真是一个神奇又充满魅力的文体，明明短小，却又思想丰富，简短几句话，就能让人陷入沉思，或反省，或回忆，或展望，或……。其余的，等待读者自己去感受，相信您能在诗歌的海洋中遨游，放飞思想，找寻自我，追求理想。

由于本书收录诗歌较多，虽然编者仔细编排、多次校对，但仍恐有疏漏之处，望读者海涵，并予以批评指正！

编者